

A Way Around a Difficulty

By ELINOR MARSH

Mrs. Haskins had but one person in the world to tie to; that was Alice Nell. The old lady had the usual selfishness of one of her age and condition and would not on any account consent that Alice should marry.

"But, grandma," argued the girl, "suppose I marry and you continued to live with me?"

"That wouldn't do at all. No house is large enough for two families. No, Alice, you can't marry as long as I live. I took you when you were a little girl, and but for me you would have had no home. Now that I have no home but with you, it is your duty to remain single and take care of me."

That ended the dialogue. Alice sighed, for she had a lover who was arguing on the other side of the question. He admitted that Alice should continue to make a home for her grandmother, but he offered to take upon himself a case of mother-in-law, which was worse, and argued that the old woman should be satisfied with this. But so long as she would consent to nothing but Alice's splendorous there was nothing for it except that Alice should remain a spinster.

Fred Martin, Alice's lover, finally persuaded her to a marriage which should be concealed from her grandmother. The old lady was so feeble that the couple did not expect her to live very long, and while she did live this plan would enable Alice to take care of her on her grandmother's own conditions. Of course it would be hard on Fred and Alice, but after all wouldn't it be better than for both to grow old separated or better even than a case of grandmother-in-law, for, so far as the old woman was concerned, Fred would be nonexistent.

So the couple were married, and Fred fitted up a house near where his wife lived, he taking up his abode in single blessedness, except when Alice could visit him. The old lady went to bed at 9 o'clock, and when she was asleep Alice would slip out and go to the home where she really belonged. They kept a maid, so that if Mrs. Haskins woke up and Alice wasn't on hand the maid could say she had stepped around the corner to buy something.

This was not exactly home life, but as Fred was at work all day, not returning usually till after 7 o'clock, it was not so bad, and it was not obligatory on his wife to hurry home. By and by Alice told her grandmother that she must go to a hospital for a few weeks, and the old lady was obliged to remain in care of the maid. After Alice was discharged from the hospital there was a period when she was continually running out for something. But she could not go often enough for her purpose, so one morning when she was away, and the maid was engaged the old lady answered a ring at the doorbell, and there on the step was a three-week-old baby.

Mrs. Haskins took the little thing up in her arms, and when Alice came home she found her grandmother dandling it on her knee in a very motherly sort of way. The old lady wouldn't consent that the child should be sent away, so Alice was obliged to divide its motherhood with her. It wasn't long before the one woman was as fond of the child as the other.

Then one day the postman brought a note signed by a man who claimed to be the baby's father, saying that he regretted parting with it and asking that it be sent to him. This put the old lady in great distress. Alice wrote a letter to the father—at her grandmother's dictation—begging the father to leave the child where it was, he being permitted to come and see it whenever he liked.

This brought a man who gave his name as Frederick Martin, and after a conference in which he insisted that unless they would take him to board he would take the child away. Mrs. Haskins consented, and the family was increased by one man.

After awhile Fred began to pour a tide of woe into Mrs. Haskins' ear. His wife had deserted him and her child for her grandmother. The old lady was so indignant at the "old crone," as she called the grandmother, that she could scarcely contain herself.

Meanwhile the old lady noticed that Fred and Alice were together a good deal, and she wished Fred's wife would die so that he could marry Alice as well as a father. When the pair were ripe Fred came home one evening and announced that his wife was "no more."

He tried hard to appear respectful to his wife's memory, but found it difficult. This was not remarkable since the departed had treated both her husband and her child so badly. Mrs. Haskins agreed that no respect whatever was due her; that she had been a ruthless, senseless creature, and the poorer Martin forgot her the better. As for Alice, she maintained a discreet silence, which her grandmother attributed to an expectation that she would take the last wife's place.

The old lady after this was very impatient to learn that the widower had proposed to Alice. She was not long kept waiting for the announcement of the wedding. After the ceremony she fell on her grandmother-in-law's shoulder and hoped heaven would punish that "old cat" who had caused him so much trouble.

Great Doctor—Your wife, sir, needs a change of air.
Mr. Tightwad—Well, I'll get her an electric fan.—Puck.



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MARTYRS TO DISEASE.

Many Physicians Died of Causes Which They Studied.

It is a remarkable fact, confirmed by many observations, that many physicians who have devoted considerable labor to the study of a particular disease have themselves died of that disease. One of the most interesting examples is that of John Daniel Major, born August 16, 1834, in Breslau, a physician and naturalist of no mean ability. Bitten early by the wanderlust, he studied at Wittenburg, took courses at many of the schools in Germany and finally went to Italy, where he received the degree of doctor of medicine at Padua in 1860. Returning to his own country, he resided for a short time in Silesia, and in 1861 married at Wittenburg, Margaret Dorothy, a daughter of the celebrated Senner. The following year, his young wife was stricken with plague and died after an illness of eight days. Distracted by his loss, Major wandered up and down Europe, studying plague wherever he found it, in the hope that he might discover a cure for the disease which had bereaved him. Spain, Germany, France and Russia were visited by him. He settled in 1865 in Kiel, where he was made professor of the history of the director of the botanical gardens. He made frequent voyages, however, always in quest of the remedy for plague. Finally in 1869, he was called to Stockholm to treat the queen of Charles the Eleventh, then ill with plague. But before he could render her any service, he contracted the disease and died on the third of August.

The bubonic plague of to-day is identical with the black plague of the Middle Ages. Primarily a disease of rodents caused by a short dumb-bell shaped microscopic vegetable, the pest bacillus, it occurs in man in three forms; the pneumonic, which has a death rate of almost 100 per cent; the septemic, which is nearly as fatal; and the bubonic, in which even with the most modern methods of treatment the mortality is about 50 per cent. It is a disease of commerce, spreading around the globe in the body of the ship-borne rat. It is estimated that every case of human plague costs the municipality in which it occurs at least \$7,500. This does not take into account the enormous loss due to disastrous quarantines and the commercial paralysis which the fear of the disease so frequently produces.

The disease is now treated by a serum discovered through the genius of Yersin. This is used in much the same way as is diphtheria antitoxin.

Plague is transferred from the sick rodent to the well man by flies. The sick rat has enormous numbers of plague bacilli in its blood. The blood is taken by the flea which, leaving the sick rat, seeks refuge and sustenance on the body of a human being to whom it transfers the infection.

Since plague is a disease of rodents and since it is carried from sick rodents to well men by rodent fleas, safety from the disease lies in the exclusion of rodents, not only exclusion from the habitation of man but also from the ports and cities of the world. Those who dwell in rat-proof surroundings take no plague. Not only should man dwell in rat-proof surroundings, but he should also live in rat-free surroundings. The day is past when the rodent served a useful purpose as the unpaid city scavenger. Rats will not come where there is no food for them. Municipal cleanliness may be regarded as a partial insurance against plague. The prayer that no plague come nigh our dwelling is best answered, however, by rat-proofing the habitations of man.

Modern sanitary science has evolved a simple and efficient weapon against the pestilence which walketh in darkness and stricken at noonday, and the U. S. health service has put this knowledge into practical operation and thus speedily eradicated plague wherever it has appeared in the United States.

A Change in Diagnosis.
Doctor—Here, go to the drugstore and get this prescription filled. It will cost you forty cents.

Patient—Thanks, Doc, but would you mind lending me the forty cent?

Doctor (sternly)—Hand me back that prescription.

Patient—Did you make a mistake?

Doctor (changing the formula)—Yes, in my diagnosis of your case. There, you can get it filled for a dime now. The drugs I crossed out were for your nerves, for I see they don't need stimulating.—The Lamb.

Plenty.
"Do you take plenty of active exercise?"
"Well, the street where I live is a favorite one for auto speeders."—Baltimore American.

PLOT TO KIDNAP WEALTHY YOUTH

E. Roland N. Harriman Is in Danger in Idaho

THREE MEN ARE UNDER ARREST

Are Said to Have Confessed Intent to Extort \$100,000

St. Anthony, Idaho, Aug. 29.—E. Roland N. Harriman, the 20-year-old son of the late E. H. Harriman, might have been kidnapped and held for a ransom of \$100,000 had not Deputy Sheriff Hudson, in arresting a ranchman for burglary, uncovered the plot.

In the event of the money not being paid it was part of the scheme to blind the young man and otherwise permanently disfigure him. Young Harriman is spending his vacation at Island Park, near this place.

Three men are under arrest, charged with conspiracy. They are Marion A. Lufkin, Ralph Zuffelt, alias Ralph Majors, and David Meloy. Two of them, it was said yesterday, have made confessions.

Lufkin was working on a ranch at Island Park when Deputy Sheriff Hudson rode over to place him under arrest for a burglary committed here. At the jail he was put through the third degree. He denied being implicated in the burglary, but astonished the officials by relating details of the kidnapping plot.

In his confession Lufkin named Zuffelt and Meloy, who were in the northern part of the county, as Kilgore, and news of the kidnapping conspiracy was kept secret until they could be located and arrested. Mr. Harriman was apprised of the danger and for the last several days has not moved without a heavy guard.

When arrested Lufkin is said to have corroborated Meloy's story. Zuffelt denies being implicated in the plot.

The intimate details of the scheme have not been divulged by the county authorities, but it is said that Lufkin was studying the habits of the intended victim and that at an appointed time he was to be intercepted while riding at a distance from the ranch house, taken to the mountains and held until the money or a refusal to pay it was forthcoming. Harriman arrived at Island Park a few days ago. Mrs. Harriman, his mother, had made up a party to make the trip east, but the acute stage of the railroad situation caused her to postpone the journey. The son came on alone.

BELIEVES MOTHER IS A BURGLAR; SHOOTS HER

Woman, Fear Stricken in Early Morning, Blazes Away at First Shape She Sees—Accident Not Fatal.

Revere, Mass., Aug. 29.—Mrs. Mary Butler, 61 years old, was mistaken for a burglar by her daughter, Mrs. H. L. McKinley, early yesterday and shot in the right shoulder. To the police, Mrs. McKinley explained that she heard some one moving about the house, and, fearing it was an intruder, armed herself with a revolver. Her mother went down stairs to investigate. When she was returning, Mrs. McKinley met her on the stairs and, not recognizing her in the darkness, fired. Search of the house by officers developed no trace of an intruder.

A BIFF ON THE HEAD.

"Cuffed in th' Coco with a Brick," or "How She Did It."

New Castle, Pa., Aug. 29.—When Mrs. Lena Hornbeck was aroused by a noise in the hall about 1 o'clock in the morning, she went out into a hall and saw a man trying to secure entrance to the room of a neighbor.

She thought herself of a brick in a nearby bathroom, and when she had secured the missile she slipped up behind the would-be burglar and gave him a biff on the back of the head. The man was not seriously hurt, but he made a hasty exit.

Trust Your Employees.

In the September American Magazine, the winner of the contest called, "What I Could Suggest to My Employer," says if he had a chance to talk to his employer he would say:

"You want a strong, well-knit organization. Then, above all things, trust your men—and show it. If you feel doubt as to any man's ability, conceal it. Make that man, and others, too, feel that you are depending on him, that you have confidence in him, backing him up. Keep that attitude consistently until at least you are fully convinced that he will not do. Other things being equal, there will be very few men to fail with that support. But when a man does fail, when it is quite clear to you that he is not the man for the job, then by all means shift him or let him go at once. Do not keep him to nag and grumble at, for that will only discourage the rest of your organization. They will feel that their own rights (by better service) to the place are being ignored."

"You have good men. Respect them. Have confidence in their judgment. It is a good thing to consult outside men, to get the outside viewpoint. But ask of all men that your own men are far more vitally interested in the success of the company than any outsider can be and that their intimate knowledge of your equipment and needs makes them better fitted to judge as to the effects of any new plans or trade conditions on your business. Value their opinions and judgments, accordingly, even though you do not follow them, and show that you value them in every possible way you can."

TWERE EVER THUS

Facts are stubborn things. —Tobias Smollett

To-day's Menu.

For Breakfast.

Grapes; savory chipped beef; oatmeal muffins; coffee.

For Luncheon.

Cheese fondue; graham sandwiches; marshmallow gingerbread; cocoa with whipped cream.

For Dinner.

Mock consommé; veal cutlets, brown gravy; Boston brownbread; coffee cream.

Rags, Rubber and Paper.

"Mixed cotton rags bring in large quantities such as no housewife can possibly have. \$2.75 to \$2.90 per hundred pounds. This is the price which every large dealer pays to small collectors, commonly known as 'junkmen.' You can readily see that it is almost impossible for one of these collectors to get more than 100 pounds of rags in a day's work, and if you figure the cost of keeping his horse, etc., you can see that he can afford to pay but very little to the housewife. Of course, he not only collects rags, but also old papers and metals."

"Rubber is worth anywhere from five cents a pound for old rubber shoes to around 20 cents for good rubber tires. The same conclusions governing low prices apply here."

"I take it that the housewives of whom you speak have an insufficient quantity to make it worth while for anyone but a junkman to bother with. A good deal of mischief has been done by misleading articles in the press, as to the value of old rags, papers, etc. They have entirely overlooked that the principal item of expense is the cost of collecting, and that the price paid by large paper mills for such material is absolutely no criterion for what a collector can afford to pay a housewife for a few pounds."

Mother's Sacrifices.

A certain elderly lady told me recently that she was very unhappy because of the ingratitude of her children, who had grown up to be so selfish and inconsiderate of her. She said she had made all kinds of sacrifices for them; she had always studied to make them comfortable, and happy, and yet they did not seem to appreciate it.

Her daughters married well and are living in fine homes, but she lives in a cheap apartment furnished with odds and ends. The daughters have a great many luxuries, and yet they seldom visit their mother or invite her to their homes. This instance is sad enough, and yet parents are often responsible for much of it. If children are brought up with the idea that their mother is always ready to give up something for their sakes, they take it for granted that mothers are supposed to make these sacrifices, that this is what mothers are for. Now, if children are reared with this idea, they will inevitably be selfish.

Cherry Stones.

Everyone who has felt the scarcity of fats and oil in a disagreeable way on his own body, as we all have, will not permit the pits of fruits to be wasted. Ten cherry stones yield enough fat for soap to wash one's hands and face; 100 cherry stones enough oil for a goodly portion of salad. The Red Cross and schools are gathering well-washed and dried pits of peaches, apricots, plums and prunes. The actual cash value of this nationwide collection is turned over to charitable purposes. Therefore, collect your fruit stones. Allow nothing to be wasted.

Difference of Opinion.

The wood thrush said to the oriole: "What a pretty place for a nest. On top of that limb: of all the sites I think it is far the best."

"Oh, no, no, no," said the oriole. "No, the little awkward thing: I like the little houghs further out. Where my nest can have a swing."

And then the peewee spoke up and said: "Unto me, now, it would seem The choicest place in the world to build. Is in the barn, on a beam."

Just then Miss Blue Bird came flying up. And said from her very soul: "The only place for a homelike nest Is up somewhere in a hole."

—From the St. Louis Republic.

Stuffed Peppers.

Remove the seeds from four peppers and split lengthwise. Mix one cup each of cold boiled rice and minced chicken, two tablespoons of minced celery, two teaspoons of onion juice, salt and pepper to taste. Moisten with two tablespoons of melted butter, and a half cup of tomato juice and strained pulp. Fill the shells, sprinkle with cheese, and bake a half hour in a pan of hot water.

Peach Shortcake.

Into one pint of flour mix two tea-

Nervous Periodical Headaches

This trouble commonly called "stuck headache," is said to be due to the retention of urea in the system. Often it is stated that a poor condition of the blood is a cause of these headaches, or that it is a nervous condition; and in certain cases, no doubt this is true.

Where treatment is demanded, it is more for the pain than anything else, and Dr. A. F. Schellschmidt of Louisville, has found anti-kamnia tablets to give prompt and satisfactory relief. Rest should be insisted upon, he says, "and the patient should go to bed, darken the room, and all the attendants and family should be as quiet as possible. Aromatic and some-times shorten the attack. The bowels should be kept open with 'Aloids'; a hot bath and a thorough rub with a coarse towel, often give grateful relief. Two anti-kamnia tablets when the first signs appear, will usually prevent the attack. During an attack, one tablet every hour or two will shorten the attack and relieve the usual nausea and vomiting. The tablets may be obtained at all druggists. Ask for A-K Tablets. They are also unexcelled for nervous headaches, neuritis and all pains."

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Don't take a violent purgative. Right the sluggish condition with the safe, vegetable remedy which has held public confidence for over sixty years.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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put pork in center of baking dish and pile beans around. Bake until pork is browned. In the winter dried lima may be used after soaking.

Creamed Oyster Plant—This is also called salsify. Scrape the roots, wash well and cook until tender, drain and cover with cream sauce.

Baked Hash—Put what is left over from Saturday's pot roast through the meat chopper, and for every cup of meat mince allow one medium sized onion and one potato. Boil the potatoes until nearly soft, then put in the peeled onions and cook until the potatoes are mealy; the onions should be rather hard. Chop the onions and mash the potatoes, add the meat and a heaping tablespoon of drippings or butter. Pack rather solidly in a well greased pan and cook in a moderate oven while the raised rolls are baking. The hash should have a crisp brown crust on the under side.—Woman's World for September.

Rural Repartee.

"I suppose," said the long delinquent subscriber sarcastically, "that if I'd come in and pay my subscription and say in low your usual jay custom and say in your next issue that 'our good friend Ezra Wayback favored our sanky sanctum with a delightful call Saturday.'" "Not only that," replied Joshua Lott, editor of the Smileyville Express, "but I'd head the item 'A Pleasant Surprise.'"—Judge.

Mechanic—I've gone over that car of Smith's pretty careful, but I can't find nothin' the matter with it. Grange Owner—Ye can't eh? What do you s'pose I hired you for?—Judge.

FOREST NOTES.

The annual value of the farm woodlot products of the United States is over \$195,000,000.

More people are spending their vacations on national forests this summer than have ever done so before, many persons traveling long distances by automobile in order to camp in these public play grounds.

The rabies epidemic which is carried by infected coyotes is spreading eastward in Utah. Rabid coyotes are common in the entire western part of the state, and one has been killed within thirty miles of Salt Lake City.

Tourist registers are in use on many of the national forests. By registering their names and destination, persons going into the mountains can arrange to have telegrams and other messages forwarded by the forest rangers.

Experiments at the forest products laboratory at Madison, Wis., have resulted in the discovery of a method whereby the yields of alcohol and acetate of lime from the destructive distillation of hardwoods have been increased fifteen per cent.

What He'd Like to See.

"Would you like to see your wife go into politics and be a boss?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Meekton. "I'd really enjoy having Henrietta step in and show some of these practical politicians what a real boss is like."—Buffalo Courier.

Her Cook Book!

THE modern daily newspaper is a chart of domestic science. It is more than a cookbook—it is a buyer's guide to the average housewife.

Many hours of a woman's life are spent in the home, and her newspaper links her mind with the great, busy world outside.

She looks to it daily for the latest suggestions in domestic science, for new recipes, warnings against impure goods and guides to the cleanly and wholesome.

She reads the advertising because it is helpful to her. She buys newspaper-advertised goods because she has faith in them. She continues to buy them and tells her friends about them if they make good.

Storekeepers who are large newspaper advertisers write their newspaper appeal almost entirely to women.

Equally so they favor the goods the manufacturers advertise in the newspaper. They put the newspaper advertised goods in their window, where they will catch the woman's eye while she is shopping.

No other medium has the same constant and intimate appeal to the woman of the house as has The Daily Newspaper.

The manufacturer or merchant who does not use newspaper advertising is closing his door to the most profitable avenue of trade.

Manufacturers seeking to find a wider market for their product are invited to get in touch with the Bureau of Advertising, American Newspaper Publishers' Association, 806 World building, New York City.



A Question of Beauty is always a question of complexion. With a perfect complexion you overcome nature's deficiencies.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream renders the skin a clear, refined, pearly-white appearance—the perfect beauty. Healing and refreshing—Non-grasy. Scent free. See trial size.

PREP. T. HOPKINS & CO., 27 Great Jones St., New York